

# THE YETI

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## TWO

I am afraid of black people.

I mean, I don't cross the street or anything when I see one coming, but they definitely make me uncomfortable. Especially black men. Especially the real dark ones.

I'm not sure why. I've never been in a fight with a black person, or an altercation of any kind. And when I was a kid, my best friend was black. And my first kiss was with a black girl!

We were seven years old, huddled under a big tire on the play ground that always smelled like pee. It was very romantic. She told me she wanted to French kiss, except she didn't really know what French kissing was, so when I stuck my tongue in her mouth she totally freaked out. But I guess most of my sexual experiences end up with me doing something unexpected and a girl running away screaming.

Anyways, the idea of me being conditioned to fear black men simply by seeing scary pictures of them in the media makes me feel like a lab rat. So I've come up with some other possible reasons.

The first thing I think about when I see a black man is anger. See, I am an angry person. I am actively angry for around a quarter of each day. There are many causes for this, and most of them are rooted in my childhood (I'll tell you about it later), but one thing that really pisses me off is when people treat me badly. I hate people that are inconsiderate or uncivil.

But I know that no matter how much I stare at people and creep them out, no matter how many annoying newsletters I write, and no matter how much my beard makes me look like an Al Qaeda terrorist, I will *never* be treated as badly as a black person.

If I was black, I would be a never-ending nuclear explosion. I would be ready to fight anyone, for any reason. I would be like King Kong, picking up tour buses full of white people and throwing them at sorority houses.

I wouldn't be able to get out of bed in the

morning if I got treated the way black people are treated, and I know it's far worse than I can imagine.

So, if black men are as angry as I think they are, that scares me. And when I meet a black man who shows no anger at all, that scares me, too, because then I assume he's even angrier than most, and repressing it all.

Since I don't want to be scared of black men, and since I want to understand their experiences instead of using my imagination, I try to talk to them. This presents a whole new cause for my discomfort—a language barrier. A lot of black people simply don't speak the same language that I do, and it makes conversation awkward and jerky.

For example, this girl said to me the other day: "So you 'bout to get wifed up real fast." She meant that I was going to quickly acquire a girlfriend, but it took me several seconds to understand what words she had actually used, and then I had to decode them.

It's these tiny but very noticeable pauses that break up the flow of many conversations between me and black people. They are constant reminders that they are black and I am not.

I believe that my education in a town obsessed with its liberal doctrines played a huge part in the development of my fear of black people. My training in political correctness was extensive and relentless. Each year we were re-taught the gruesome, and eventually boring, details of American slavery.

My white teachers referred to slave-owners and the white people of early America as "us." They taught us to feel guilty about slavery. Kids were made to believe that white people today are responsible for the situation of black people today, and that we are all racist, either overtly, or in some small, unintentional way.

My teachers completely missed the important lessons that slavery can teach us about the relationship between money and hatred, the power of developed countries over those that are

less developed, and human nature. Instead, they turned slavery into a magic word they can pull out when they want to make black people feel recognized, and they taught all of us white kids how to survive in our new sanitized, politically correct culture—flout your self-indulgent guilt for things that happened hundreds of years ago, and do nothing today.

What's worse is the way that this forces black people into the role of victim from such an early age. By not differentiating between the children in the classroom and the people hundreds of years ago who looked like them, teachers cause black children to think of themselves not as individuals, but as typical members of a race of slaves.

Given that I've been taught that I am a member of a race of evil slave-masters ever since I was five years old, it's a wonder that I can even look a black person in the eye. It was only by slowly learning to separate the lies from the truth that I was able to connect to black people. I realized that I haven't done anything wrong. I am not racist.

Even though I was taught that I am the same "white man" who sailed to Africa to collect slaves, I eventually understood that the black people I meet today know absolutely nothing

about being slaves, just as I know nothing about being a slave owner.

It comforts me to know that, while many people think that white people sailed to Africa to yank black people out of their perfect lives, in reality, they came to Africa to buy slaves from their African masters.

Both black and white people were responsible for slavery. There is no correlation between color and character. Most people, no matter what they look like, are unhappy, heartless, and willing to profit from the misery of others.

My fear has diminished in the three weeks since I began hanging out with black people. I've been thinking about race less and less when we're together, although sometimes I still find myself staring at them in awe of how unbelievably dark their skin is.

My dad says that the only cure for racism is incidental contact, and I think it's also the only cure for the fear of black people. Actually, it's the cure for pretty much any fear. It works for Asians, Latinos, whites, gay people, spiders, snakes, vaginas, and public speaking! Everyone should follow my example and better themselves by confronting their fears. Do you know why?

Because fear is the path to the dark side.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. Why, when I distribute issue #3 in two weeks, I'm even going to confront my fear of being naked in the UMC!*
- 2. I grew my beard out so I'd look more Latino or Arabic or something. Trust me, black chicks dig it.*
- 3. Black chicks also dig being called "black chicks."*



QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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